

## NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

**"The Noblest Traditions of the Elizabethan Era."**

A dispatch from London begins:

Whatever may be going on at the seat of war, there is an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm in England and Scotland worthy of the noblest traditions of the Elizabethan era.

Like General Methuen's assertion that his first Modder River skirmish was one of the bloodiest battles in the annals of the British army, this seems to indicate that the English people are forgetting their own history.

For the benefit of those persons who think that the determination of a great people not to be beaten by a little one, which it outnumbered two hundred to one, contains anything in common with the things that glorified the era of Elizabeth, let us simply recount one of the incidents of that time.

In 1591 Sir Richard Grenville, with the little frigate *Revenge*, was lying at Flores, in the Azores, as second in command under Lord Thomas Howard, whose fleet of six ships was there in wait for the Spanish treasure galleons. Suddenly fifty-three Spanish ships of the line were reported approaching in the distance. Howard thought the odds too great, as of course they were, and ordered a retreat. But half of Grenville's men were sick ashore, and he refused to leave them. He waited until they had all been brought carefully aboard, and then started out alone. What followed is related with a sufficiently near approach to historical accuracy by Tennyson in his ballad, "The Revenge":

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?"  
Good Sir Richard, let us know,  
For to fight is but to die!  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."  
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good Englishmen.  
Let us bang those dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,  
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so  
The little *Revenge* ran on, sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,  
And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and laughed,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft,  
Running on and on, till delayed  
By their mountain-like San Philip, that, of fifteen hundred tons,  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

The fight broke loose—one ship against fifty-three. Hour after hour it kept on, now guns and now boarders:

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and muskets,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears.  
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out, far over the Summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder and flame;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame,  
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"  
Though his vessel was all but a wreck,  
And it chanced that, when half of the Summer night was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be drest, he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,  
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out, far over the Summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides, lay round us all in a ring;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could sting.

At last, when only thirty, or according to some accounts twenty, men were left to fight, Grenville ordered the ship blown up. The gunner was about to obey the order, but the men protested, saying they could make the Spaniards give them honorable terms. They had their way, and Grenville capitulated with the honors of war, and with the proviso that his crew should be free. Soon after he was taken aboard the Spanish flagship he died.

What must the shades of the men of the *Revenge* think when they hear the present popular enthusiasm in England about the Boer war, compared with "the noblest traditions of the Elizabethan era?"

**Don't Let Lawton's Family Suffer.**

Generals Corbin, Weston, Ludlow and Shafter have joined in a public statement that General Lawton left his family poorly provided for, and have asked for subscriptions to pay off the mortgage on his home in California.

After nearly forty years of continuous service General Lawton was only a colonel in the regular army when he died. His salary was never enough to enable him to save money. His family will draw a small pension, but nothing approaching payment of the debt the country owes.

It ought not to take a day to raise that mortgage, but the fund should not stop there. Let the nation contribute enough to enable Lawton's widow and children to live, not, of course, in the luxury in which they could have lived if he had devoted his talents to trade, instead of to the service of his country, but in reasonable comfort.

**Germany After West Indian Islands.**

Count Von Buelow in his budget speech has plainly indicated Germany's intention to acquire, if possible, coaling stations in the West Indies, Central and South America and Polynesia.

To begin with, Germany wants St. Thomas and the other Danish islands in the West Indies, which our Government can obtain for an expenditure of \$3,000,000.

Should Germany succeed in buying these islands she would establish formidable coaling stations which would be a direct menace to our control of the future Nicaragua Canal in times of war.

The Kaiser is trying to ascertain whether our Government will object to the purchase of the Danish islands by Germany. If assured that we did not care, St. Thomas would become German territory in short order.

Then at our very gates we should have constantly a growling watch dog. Congress should no longer overlook the importance of these islands to the United States. The inhabitants have at all times been willing to come under our flag.

Secretary Seward negotiated for them at the close of the civil war, but the Republican Senate, at that time carrying on a bitter feud with President Johnson, bled the proposition and let it die a natural death. Congress also refused year to year to buy them.

For their strategic value alone any sea power of Europe would be willing to pay three times their present market value. It will therefore be a very unwise thing to allow the purchase of these islands to go by default for the third time. The acquisition of Porto Rico has made them less important to us than formerly or our own use, but it is still as essential as ever to keep them out of the hands of a rival power.

Let us therefore purchase the islands, build a great navy and control those of the ocean lanes of war and commerce which lead to American ports and through American waters, from Maine to Cape Horn.

The Journal acknowledges receipt of \$1 from "J. S. B." The poor woman for whom it was intended has been amply provided for, and we have made no note of her address. If J. S. B. will send us directions we will either return the money or turn it over to the Salvation Army.

**PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.****The Suffering British Lion.**

Editor of the New York Journal:

Among the Jackals baiting the wounded British lion I am sorry to find the Journal. I am an American of Revolutionary ancestry. My ancestors on both sides were soldiers in the army of Washington, and I served three years in our civil war on the Union side. I was bred in the tradition of hatred to England, and was anti-British until the war with Spain revealed the splendid kinship that stretched a menacing arm toward the nations of Europe hostile to our flag, and bade them stand back or suffer the shock of England's might. That act made me, and made, I believe, every American of native stock, one kin with England. It destroyed the lifelong prejudice I had cherished.

Nutley, N. J., Dec. 18.

If "L." sees the Journal "among the Jackals baiting the wounded British lion," he should consult an oculist for cross eye. The Journal brought down upon itself a good many heated remarks from Boer sympathizers by saying in the beginning of the present troubles that it thought England was in the right. But when a lion that has put its paw upon a weasel—if they have weasels in the lion country—lifts up its voice and wails about its wounds, the spectacle is just a little lacking in dignity. And as English papers, notwithstanding their valued sympathy with us last year, did not think it necessary to refrain from amusing themselves at our expense because it took us over two months to thrash eighteen million Spaniards, we see no harm in making an occasional note of the humorous side of the fact that the British Empire has rather less than thrashed a quarter of a million Boers in the same length of time.

**Something of Phrenology.**

Editor of the New York Journal:

I would like to ask your private opinion of phrenology, physiognomy and palmistry. Do you know of any conscientious and reliable person, who has made the above subject a life study, would examine or study the head or face of a person who might come to him? R. E. C.

Dec. 19.

While there is much that is true in phrenology, physiognomy and palmistry, they undoubtedly afford fine opportunities for fraud.

A phrenologist can tell in a general way the inherent capacity of a man in certain directions. It may so happen, however, that through force of circumstances the man has cultivated his minor bumps, and has allowed the abilities indicated by the shape of his head to go to seed. The same thing is true of physiognomy.

Thus a man may have a Websterian head and at the same time carry a hod for a livelihood. A man with a square and pugilistic face may be a great orator or writer.

At the same time, the square faced man, under different circumstances, might have lived up to his surface indications and made a fine pugilist.

The Websterian headed man, before his life sagged and flagged under the weight of mortal and circumstances, might have developed into a poet or a philosopher.

Of palmistry the world does not know so much. Science can explain how the width between a man's eyes, the height of his forehead and the general mould of his head may indicate the character and quality of his brain, and how a happy disposition and much laughter may carve genial wrinkles in his face, but we have yet to find a scientific basis for the claims made by palmists as to the effect of the brain upon the "life line," the "love line," the "fate line" and other sinuosities.

You can find the addresses of phrenologists, physiognomists and palmists in almost any newspaper.

**Patriotic German-American Advice to Germany.**

(From the Morgen-Journal.)

A rumor has been circulated in Washington that Germany desired to buy the Danish possessions in the West Indies—St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John—in order to secure a coaling station and marine base in the Western Hemisphere. Germany certainly can never secure these islands without the consent of Uncle Sam, and it is doubtful whether this consent will ever be forthcoming. The islands lie within the natural territorial boundaries of the United States, and are bound to be ours some day, the same as we last year acquired the Spanish possessions in the West Indies, and will, within a reasonable time, acquire the English as well.

Spain has given us enough trouble to constitute a salutary example of the danger of permitting a foreign power to settle itself on our very threshold. Germany will have to find a coaling station in some other locality than one in the immediate vicinity of the American coast. Though the new alliance between Germany and the United States be ever so sincere and profound, the idea of surrendering territory to a foreign power must needs be most unwelcome to the American nation, which guards its territorial limits more jealously than any other people, expanding them as far as legitimately can under the Monroe doctrine. Berlin is fully cognizant of this fact, and will hardly care to jeopardize the amicable relations recently established in order to procure islands from Denmark for which Uncle Sam has the right of sale.

Public opinion in the United States is as one in holding that Germany has lost nothing which she can legitimately seek within our territorial jurisdiction.

**One Reader's Kind Opinion.**

Editor of the New York Journal:

There are a lot of things not worth doing at all and a few things that can't be done too well. Of the latter class is the editorial on "Washington" in the Journal of the 14th. It is good enough to clip and carry. It is better than the books, for how many people really know or believe that the great George was the "under dog" in nearly every fight, or fully appreciate the fact that he was unconquered and unconquerable, though defeated? And how many persons who have read Carlyle's "Frederick" or Irving's "Washington" or Lodge's later and better book have been able, at the end, to briefly speak so aptly and so eloquently of those two beacon lights of history?

I have often felt like acknowledging what I deem a personal obligation to the Journal for its editorial on "Washington." I remember one on, we will say, the "Value of Solitude," another on "Trinity Church," another on "Planning Good Things When You Drink, but Never Doing Them Afterward," and still others on "Fresh Air" and "Exercise." They made me think, and I will write this note. WENLEY SIBSON, Federal Book Concern, No. 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, Dec. 16.

**REGINALD WARD'S REQUESTS IN ENGLISH SOCIETY AND FINANCE.**

Clever Young American Regarded as a Modern Midas by London Exclusives—Mrs. Jack Gardner's Return from Her Exile Abroad—The Festivities of State to Be Ushered in by Mrs. Astor's Dinner This Evening.

**BY GHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.**

HEAR from London of the continued successes of young Reginald Ward, one time of us. Young Ward went abroad some years ago—but only a few, by the way—and by his own personality included himself in a most desirable set. Moreover, he has acquitted himself intelligently, not only in London society, but in finance as well. I am told, in fact, that his financial successes have been so pronounced that he is looked upon as in the guise of a latter day Midas.

Miss Ward, his sister, is now on the way to join him in London, where, no doubt, she will share some of his good fortune. If the truth be told, it is a long and rocky path that the average American ascends to the heights of British society, and I am ravished with the notion that another from among us has succeeded. Miss Ward's journey into London immortality is already assured of success, for it is no secret that her brother arranged suitable entertainment for her long before the young woman set sail. During the London season they will be at Walsingham House, Piccadilly, but through the holidays will retire into the wilds of Brighton. After that, Cannes will see them, and as Mr. Ward has some influence over the cables, I have no doubt we will hear much of their festivities. Mrs. Ronalds, I hear, is one of their sponsors.

I hear already, as in echo, of the beat of Boston jolly bells. I fancy, almost, that the air resounds with the humors of a fond joke. I see, as in fancy, a parade of the French populace, and can almost detect the humors of the common people. Mrs. Jack Gardner has returned! Is the fact so enough? Graceful and entrancing as ever, she tripped off the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse yesterday, fresh from her exile abroad. Here as an envoy extraordinary, her nephew awaited, bearing the freedom of the Hub, of which, I fancy, Mrs. Gardner stands absolutely in no need.

I much regret to say, however, that the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse did not bring over the palace guard. Mrs. Gardner is reported to have bought, moreover, she does not intend to transplant it to America. It is a great disappointment. Indeed, and would have given much to gossip about in Boston, where conversation is limited to disquisitions on Emerson and the condition of the streets. But perhaps Mrs. Gardner will do something for her friends, although I would not suggest new penances in Lent. Her last effort in this line is still a vivid remembrance, and to this day they still point out the exact spot where Mrs. Jack, in religious fervor, scrubbed the steps of her church. As a change, however, she might regild the weather-vane of Old South. I merely suggest, you understand.

This evening will usher in the festivities of state. Tonight Mrs. Astor will give the first of her formal dinners, when all the aristocracy will gather to dine profoundly and astonish the Olympians with the erudition of earthly intellect. Certainly, it will be a most grave affair, and I wager a dozen sesterces that honest Tom and simple Harry, slitting over their unostentatious roasts at the club, will have a far jollier and more generous time than the most favored at the great assembly. But still, Mrs. Astor's dinners are the really distinctive affairs of the season. Certainly, one may never look down that board and find a stranger face peering across the covers, for the newcomers find no place in this academy of the immortals.

Out of town festivities have already drawn heavily upon New York, and the helira still continues. I myself shall journey a few paragraphs into some distant Libya, if only to be with the crowd. Perhaps the most distinguished of these gatherings—viewed from the calm, conscious Newport standpoint—will be the Biltmore festivities, where Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt will represent the genius of Christendom. Tomorrow Willie K. Vanderbilt will start South in his private car, accompanied by a few genials, and I fancy there will be some prime good times when they all gather beneath the holly. I suppose a still more jolly party, however, will be that of the C. Albert Stevenses, who will fill up Anadale at Roslyn with a host of merry-makers.

I hear that the struggle to obtain cards for "Les Cendrillons" has resulted in a slaughter of the innocents more sanguine than that of the

invitations owing to the death of Mr. Bradley's mother, Mrs. Frederic Bradley.

Mr. C. T. Yerkes and Mrs. Gouverneur Kortright entertained at dinner on Tuesday.

One hundred poor children will be made happy for Christmas by Mrs. Howard Gould, who will provide a big tree for them next Saturday afternoon at the Tuxedo, Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. As Lady Bountiful and Santa Claus combined she will feast her little proteges and send them home burdened with toys and candies.

Antonio de Navarro, husband of Mary Anderson, is a passenger on the Teutonic, which is due here today. Mr. Navarro's trip is said to be partly for pleasure and partly for business. While here he will make his headquarters with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Navarro, No. 13 West Forty-sixth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt, at their country seat, Biltmore, N. C., have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard Webb and family. Dr. Webb returned to this city on Monday, owing to important business, and Mrs. Webb and family arrived on Tuesday afternoon. Dr. Webb and his family left Tuesday night on the 6:20 train for Shelburne, Vt., where they will spend Christmas and remain during the cold season.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton McKay Twombly will leave over the Pennsylvania road to-night for Biltmore, N. C., where they will spend the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt.

A Wedding in Washington.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The fashionable world of Washington assembled at 1 o'clock to-day at St. Paul's Episcopal Church to witness the marriage of Miss Margaret Cox, of this city, daughter of the late Thomas Cox, to Mr. Laurence V. Benet, secretary of the Hotchkiss Ordnance Company, of Paris. Rev. Alfred Harding officiated.

Miss Sallie Cox attended her sister as maid of honor.

Mr. Ward P. Casey, of New York, was best man. The ushers were Mr. Caspar Crowninshield, Mr. John Webb, Mr. Alexander Legare, Mr. Montgomery Blair and Mr. Clara Ray.

A reception at the residence of the bride's mother, on G Street, followed the church service. Mr. and Mrs. Benet left at 4 o'clock for New York, where they will remain until the 27th inst., when they will sail for their home in Paris.

**HADLEY AND FAIRCHILD TO DEBATE ON SUBJECT OF TRUSTS AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.**

PRESIDENT ARTHUR T. HADLEY, of Yale University, and former Secretary of the Treasury C. S. Fairchild in debate on trusts and trade combinations will be a notable feature of the annual session of the American Economic Association, scheduled for December 27, at Cornell.

President Hadley, who is also president of the Economic Association, will speak on the theme, "Political Morality and Economic Theory." The ex-Secretary's topic will be "Engineering of Trusts." Political economists anticipate that these two addresses will cover practically every point respecting trade combinations and the current conditions in which they figure, therefore furnishing students of existing problems with information of exceptional value.

As is well known, the new head of Yale University is one of the staunchest enemies of the criminal trusts in the country. On this point he is in full accord with the Journal, in which he recently was quoted at length on this subject. He finds that the prejudice against even those combinations which, like the Standard Oil Company, have realized economies and reduced rates for their product, is a just prejudice because of their unscrupulous policy toward competitors, which includes boycotting and intimidation that this policy results in violation of commercial morality, if not of commercial law.

On the other hand, if a monopoly is managed by inexperienced hands, Professor Hadley finds that the effort to put prices up is usually more noticeable than the effort to put expenses down.

Ex-Secretary Fairchild enjoys the reputation of being one of the foremost American financiers. He is a distinguished political economist, whose views are respected far beyond the limits of his own country. With David B. Hill, Daniel Manning and William C. Whitney, he belonged to the board of able and ambitious young men which Samuel J. Tilden gathered around him. He gave that statesman efficient aid in his great fight against the canal ring, and was rewarded first with the Attorney-Generalship of the State and then with the position of Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury.

As Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Fairchild thoroughly established his reputation as a financier. He was of the practical school that won the banks of both parties. Before his term was half completed a leading banker of this city declared that the sentiments of the Administration were backed by three-quarters of the intelligence and capital of the country. The deep disappointment of Mr. Fairchild's enemies is still remembered.

Since his retirement to private life Mr. Fairchild has been the head of the New York Security and Trust Company, at No. 44 Wall Street. He has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard and Columbia universities. He devotes much attention to the problem of city government. In a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association he said:

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The Identity of Joubert.

To the Editor of the New York Journal:

I noticed in yesterday's Journal Mr. Brady's inquiry about General Joubert's origin. As the question has been rather equivocally answered, will you allow me to communicate to you part of an article on General Joubert, which was published in the *Paris* of the 15th of October last. It is as follows:

"General Pierre Jacobus Joubert, Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal forces and at the same time Vice-President of the Republic, is, as his name indicates, of French descent. One of his ancestors, Pierre Joubert, belonged to a Provençal family (south of France), as is established by his marriage certificate copied from the registers of

the Walloon community of Brielle (formerly a part of the Netherlands, where French only was spoken—now a part of Belgium), stating that on the 1st of February, 1698, the marriage of Pierre Joubert, a native of La Motte d'Aignes, in Provence, and Suzanne Heyne, a native of La Roque d'Arthon, in Provence, has been celebrated in the Walloon Church of Brielle, and both then went on board the ship *Mont de Sinai*, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, under command of Captain Samuel Van Groll, and this after it had been published three times during the same day, with the consent of the Messrs. of the Venerable Magistrat."

"The local authorities of Brielle were then known under the name of 'MM. du Venerable Magistrat.'"

"Pierre Joubert had been compelled to emigrate, being a Protestant of Huguenot, on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and had sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, where he landed safely and settled comfortably."

"Three years before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, that is, in 1834, Pierre Joubert, the actual Boer general, was born at Cango (Cape Colony). After having done some travelling and having acquired some money, he put up a farm in the Wakkerbosch, one of the districts of the Transvaal, and soon became a member of the Volksraad. Meanwhile, owing to his legal knowledge, he had made a vast fortune. At the time a treaty was to be signed with Great Britain, Joubert accompanied Kruger to London, and the skill which he displayed contributed greatly to the success of the negotiation."

"It is after his return home that the Boers put him in command of their army." E. E. M.

New York, December 19.

The Benefit of a Trip Abroad.

"They say," said the man who has to work for his living, "that the person who is dissatisfied has only to go abroad in order to gain a good opinion of his country."

"Yahs," replied Algy, "I used to weigh this as a 'heavenly country,' but I don't know, but o'ah in London I heard it praised so much that I got to be a wretched demagogue, don't you know?" Chicago Times-Herald.